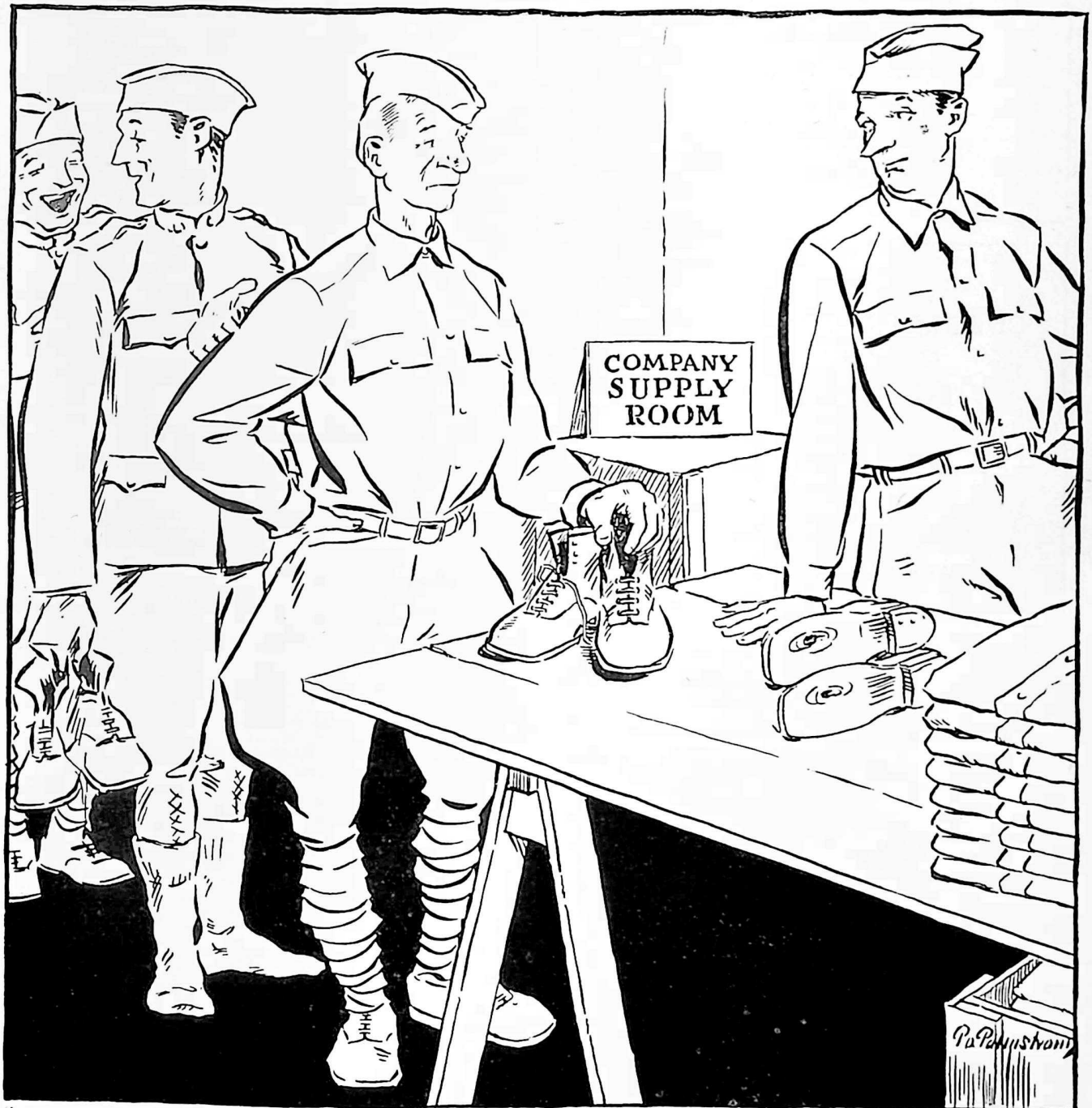
# YANKEE DOINGS




"NOO SERGEANT, HA'E YE GOT A GUID TWA-TROUSER SUIT?"

VOL. XII, NO. 9 | YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION | OCTOBER, 1931

E. H. ELDREDGE W. J. KEVILLE (LM)

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**This gives one an opportunity to keep before the YD public at a very low rate. Do not wait to be solicited; just send in your line or two lines and note that fifty-eight spaces on your typewriter make a line for this column.**

# YANKEE DOINGS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION

200 HUNTINGTON AVENUE BOSTON, MASS.

Brig. Gen. CHARLES H. COLE (LM) *President*

PHILIP N. SANBORN (M) *Secretary*

KENNETH POULTON *Treasurer*

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*Two dollars of the annual dues is applied as subscription to YANKEE DOINGS.*

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*Copy for DOINGS must be in before the First*


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## CUT RATE SALE STILL GOING ON UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE

The announcement on the back cover of last month's DOINGS that both the photograph of General EDWARDS and the Yankee Division Certificate, bearing the fac-simile of his signature could be had for the combination price of $2.00 brought forth quite a burst of business, as well it might, being a 50% reduction in price from that at which the two are sold separately.

This is just to remind you that the offer still holds and if you are dressing up your den or dugout for the winter, here are two things for your wall that you don't want to be without.

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## YANKEE DIVISION REVIEW

Still have plenty of copies of the *Yankee Division Review* which we'll gladly send to anybody for 4 cents in postage.

## OLD HUNDRED FIRST

**By Sergt. Laurence J. Connery**
(A Co., 101st Infantry)

---

*Air, "Maryland, My Maryland"*

Old Massachusetts sons are we,
Hundred First, old Hundred First.
And ever loyal we will be,
Hundred First, old Hundred First.
Old Glory we will proudly fly
And flaunt its colors to the sky,
For her and you we'll gladly die,
Hundred First, old Hundred First.

The love we bear for thee today,
Hundred First, old Hundred First,
Will strengthen us upon our way,
Hundred First, old Hundred First.
And midst the battle's din and roar
With courage tested to the core
We'll fight for thee as ne'er before,
Hundred First, old Hundred First.

In future days, it is decreed
Hundred First, old Hundred First,
A golden page will tell each deed,
Hundred First, old Hundred First.
For we are pledged to guard from shame
The glorious untarnished name,
And history will sing thy fame
Hundred First, old Hundred First.

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## THOSE MEDALS AND HOW TO GET THEM

Verdun medal application blanks are sent on request to any member of the Y. D. V. A. After filling them out, return them with postage to the Secretary who certifies them and returns them. Then send them with money order for 60 cents to the name and address in Verdun given on the blank.

French Commemorative medals require no blank. Send $1.25 with your name, address, organization and rank to Secretary, YD Club of Boston. The medal will be mailed to you from the Club when it arrives from France.

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## SHOULD VETERANS ASK FURTHER BONUS PAYMENT NOW?

In order to give all YD men the chance to speak their mind on this very pertinent question, YANKEE DOINGS will print letters from readers setting forth their opinions and the reasons why they hold those opinions.

Only two or three words of warning: abuse and condemnation of this side or that are not reasons. There are many good arguments on both sides of the question without resorting to calling names. And secondly, be brief.

# BETWEEN OURSELVES

The greatest organization — in point of size and power — of veterans in this country assembled recently in national convention. This organization represents itself to be a cross section of the whole veteran body. If anything appearing here seems unduly critical, the criticism is not directed at an organization but at those veterans both inside and outside to whom it applies. At this convention the pledge was reaffirmed, "We serve in Peace as in War." A loyal promise or empty words—which?

* * * *

Whatever may have been the real reason which prompted our voluntary—or, at worst, non-resistant — service during war, whether a sense of duty, a lust for adventure, a secret longing for praise, or just drum, bugle and flag hysteria, the reason which was thrust upon us and commonly accepted by us until we actually believed it, was that our country needed us, and for its welfare we would give service — even life itself.

* * * *

Peace time service creates no heroes. A man in civvies excites no admiring glances, is the subject of no glowing eulogies. No thrilling cadence of martial music accompanied his every step. His service toward a better country — a better world — may be infinitely greater, but the reward to his vanity is nil. Then comes the test. Is it his country which means so much, or was it the limelight?

* * * *

Once more the nation needs help; needs every man's shoulder to the wheel without thought of personal gain or glory — all for one and one for all. Where more naturally look than to those who once thought more of her than of life itself—those who are ready to "serve in Peace as they served in War?" And looking to them what shall it find? Four million men leading the way back to prosperity for one hundred and twenty-five million people, content to prosper as the nation prospers, or a class-conscious bloc rooting for special favors, riding across the stream on the backs of others? Shall it find the brains and the hands of this vast legion (small "l" please) at work replenishing the nation's material and cultural reservoirs, or occupied in recapturing the empty plaudits of the multitude in a child's play of strutting and spangles? Shall it find ten thousand "posts," "chapters," "encampments" or whatnot, each striving to bring to its own community those assets of clean government, health, beauty, education and a job for every man on which this country's greatness is founded, or shall it find them debating the color of new uniforms, soliciting public subsidy, indulging in personal animosities, petty politics and backyard gossip.

* * * *

It is up to us. Whom shall we choose to lead us? the ones with "pull" in high places, the ones whose rantings to heaven depict us as forever the nation's heroes "secure from change," the ones whose left hand waves the flag and whose right pats his own back; or those who can make of us the strong right arm of the nation's future greatness? A million veterans without a voice know the answer. They are waiting for the organized minority to lay down the megaphone and pick up the torch that they may follow.

* * * *

Make no mistake: opportunity is here. We veterans can become the greatest of all powers for our country's welfare or we can become a dead-load on its upward climb. The cross currents of self-seeking, special privilege and vainglory are aligned against achievement. We can become the country's pride and its source of greatest strength or we can become its burden and eventually its shame. "The glory has departed." Let's not attempt to live on in its meagre shadow. A man's work is not done at twenty-five. True patriotism (poor maltreated word) asks no reward of glory; it is content in the happiness of its nation's people.

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## FROM A YD GLOBE TROTTER

EDITOR OF YANKEE DOINGS:

I returned recently from fifteen months in Europe, and found your various reminders that my dues had lapsed. As now, between 1925 and 1931, and on foot, bicycle, auto, or narrow gauge train, I have revisited all the old divisional fronts, I was hoping to send you, with the check, a few notes on the visits, but I find that most of my year's mail was held here instead of being forwarded, and at present rates, I'll still be writing apologies two years from now, instead of new letters.

However, on the principle of "Come Dues—Come News," I might note that I was married in 1929 to Bertha Freeman of Pomona, Calif., and was made assistant professor of history here in the University of California the same year. Received the Doctorate of Philosophy from Harvard in 1930. Travelled and studied and did some work in Spain for the Library of Congress in 1930-1931. I found that the French still remember the YD, whatever their general attitude toward Americans, and that the Church at Belleau already (June, 1931) looks natural, and not too barren (as I had rather feared from comments in YANKEE DOINGS). And I still want to know why Pennsylvania erected fountains in the town of Belleau to commemorate her troops—however fine troops we all admit those to have been.

—ROLAND D. HUSSEY (M)

Los Angeles
September 19.

# A MESSAGE FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE

The following letter was written by General EDWARDS on July 12, 1919, to Miss Alice H. Bushee, then of Woonsocket, R. I. Miss Bushee has recently made the letter public and the advice it contains from one who knew men and loved his country comes to us today almost like a message from "the other side." The capitals are ours.

I have your letter inclosing me a copy of the monthly paper which you so graciously edited throughout the war for the forty-five soldiers and sailors of your home church who served during the last two years.

I saw this paper somewhere before in France and admired the spirit that suggested all that fine work which was so essential in the great sustaining power of the people of New England behind these lads.

You say that you are going to stop its further edition and in the last one you wish to have a word from me. Tell those stout-hearted lads that THEIR WORK HAS JUST COMMENCED; that the men who got to France and fought were blest; that all the men who served were fortunate, that ninety-nine per cent of them have reached man's estate and they have learned the sense of proportion. I have told thousands and millions throughout the country that they would find these lads so vastly improved when they returned that they would hardly know them; that they had had an experience and education that made more for the hope of solution of the desperate problems we are about to face than any other thing to which I could point.

I believe my predictions have been proven and that the people, who have welcomed them back with open arms, admit I was right. Now I say to these lads, TAKE AN INTEREST IN YOUR WARD, YOUR MUNICIPALITY, YOUR STATE AND YOUR GOVERNMENT; CONSIDER EVERY BIG PROPOSITION THAT COMES SO YOU MAY VOTE INTELLIGENTLY; CHERISH YOUR VOTE AS YOU WOULD THE HONOR OF YOUR ORGANIZATION IN FRANCE; look over, size up every candidate for office and see that he possesses that basic character and devotion to the people he represents that a good officer must possess successfully to lead you in France. Get together and combine to make your power felt and THINK ONLY OF THE GOOD OF THE COUNTRY AND THE PRESERVATION OF HER INSTITUTIONS. See that every man among you that seeks political office is entitled to be given that power and that he plays the game as the government desires him to play it and that he evades none of his responsibilities; if he did in this crisis see that he is not put in a position of harm to the government. In other words, think, counsel, and believe, as I tell you, that YOU ARE THE FACTORS IN THE SOLUTION OF THESE DESPERATE PROBLEMS THAT FACE US.

There is no reason, now that our country has become a nation of great world power, with the aid of these men, that it should not be perpetuated. Very sincerely yours,

C. R. EDWARDS,
Major General, U. S. Army

## RADIATOR EMBLEMS

EDITOR OF YANKEE DOINGS:

The thing that impressed me most in the September DOINGS just received was your very good judgment in using heavy type for the most important part of STOVER'S (M) contribution to the 101st F. A. news column. And the second sentence of this paragraph is the most important, of course. It is true that the terms, ex-soldier and war veteran, have come to mean anything but decent and inspiring, and this has always been so, probably to some extent, but not to the present extent.

Reading the article of a "Chance Meeting in So. Dakota" brought about by the YD certificate, recalled to mind several little experiences I had in California several years ago brought about by the YD radiator insignia.

As with anything that has become a daily occurrence I'd wholly forgotten the YD emblem on my radiator and one day while crossing the Bay from Oakland to San Francisco on the S. P.'s old ferry boats I noticed one of the deck hands sitting on the running board while the bus was empty but thought nothing more of it until climbing in and finding out he was an old YD'er who was regaining his health, etc., while working for the S. P. in San Francisco, and enjoying it, improving with age, and taking on increasing family responsibilities. I don't remember his name but used to see him quite often.

This is a much better one: While in Los Angeles early in '29 I used to take many advantages of my foreign license plates and as a result the cops were continually on my trail. One day I was easing down one of the main stems at noontime and minding my business when a red light went against me at an intersection, and I stopped at the head of the line. Almost immediately a guy stepped on the running board, opened the door, and sat down. My first thought was that he was a cop off duty and had my number for something or other. Instead, he was a YD'er and had seen my radiator emblem.

—ALLAN H. PLYMPTON (M)
(101st F. A.)
Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y.
September 23.

## AN APPEAL FROM THE PRESIDENT OF YD CLUB

To the Members of the YD Club of Boston:

For as many years as the YD Club has been in existence, it has had behind it "in support position" the splendid group of mothers, wives and sisters organized as the YD Auxiliary. Like other troops behind the lines their important work is perhaps often overlooked, but they have kept right on performing duties of welfare and sick relief without praise-seeking or display. Few of us as members of the Club have any idea of the scope of the good work that they have done in hospitals and in homes where the bread-winner has been incapacitated.

The dues are only $1.00 a year, and every bit of money thus received goes into welfare work. I want to take this opportunity to urge most strongly that every member of the YD Club present his wife or mother or both with a membership in this splendid organization. In doing so, he will not only be making them a gift they will appreciate more and more as they become active in the Auxiliary, but will know that he has contributed to the relief of disabled or unemployed comrades. Membership applications can be obtained at the YD Club.

On November 18, the Auxiliary will hold its Annual Bazaar at the YD Club, from 2:00 p.m. to midnight. The program of this event appears in this issue in the YD Auxiliary column. Read it. Then plan to attend, with your women folks, enjoy a great time and do your part toward putting the Auxiliary in a position to be of even greater helpfulness during the coming year.

—William J. Blake (M)
President

## TWO SUGGESTIONS

Editor of Yankee Doings:

Couldn't you arrange in some way to set a date for the 26th Division reunion held at Legion Conventions a couple of months ahead of time, and publish it in Yankee Doings so the fellows scattered around the world could plan to get to it whenever they can manage to get to a Legion Convention?

About all I went to the Convention for was to try to see some of the YD men, but I went on the 22nd and the program they gave us when we registered stated that you held your reunion the 19th, so I was out of luck.

Give us a bigger copy of Yankee Doings with more news of the outfit in it, even if necessary to double the dues in the Y. D. V. A. to do it. Put it up to a vote of the members and see how many would not be willing to pay more for more news of their old outfit.

—E. J. Ziegler (M)
(E Co., 103rd Inf.)

Carsonville, Mich.
September 25.

## A LATER DATE FOR Y. D. V. A. CONVENTIONS?

There has been some sentiment, especially among members of the 104th and 102nd Infantry, in favor of changing the date of the Annual Convention of the YD Veterans Association from April to some later month, probably June. The reason for this feeling in these two regiments is of course that they each have an annual celebration in April, Apremont Day and Seicheprey Day respectively. There are, however, other good reasons for having the Convention in a summer month, especially now that it is being held each year in some different city. New England climate is such that April isn't much of a month in the three northern states, and nothing to boast about in the other three. June weather is likely to be beautiful throughout the entire region. In the next few years our conventions are apt to grow into two-day rather than one-day affairs, with perhaps side trips and outdoor affairs. In Maine, New Hampshire or Vermont, April would be unpleasant for anything of that sort.

The power to make this change does not lie with the Executive Committee, or even in the vote of the convention. It requires an amendment to the Constitution, and it is proposed to bring such an amendment before the next convention to be acted upon. Meanwhile, unless it meets with the disapproval of the members, the Executive Committee is considering whether or not the constitution can be interpreted in such a way that an official convention can be held in April, attended by just enough to constitute a quorum, and transact no business except the passage of a motion that the session be adjourned to Portland on a certain date in June. We should like members' views—not on the constitutionality of the move, but its desirability.

## DON'T FEEL THAT WAY

Doings has received an anonymous letter from a former member who explains why it has been impossible for him to continue in good standing, out of work, out of luck, and, judging by the tone of the letter, out of sorts. Says he has been a member for a good many years.

Now, while the Y. D. V. A. can't of course carry every YD man on its rolls indiscriminately, whether he pays his dues or not, it has always tried to keep a man on the mailing list for Yankee Doings when he honestly wishes to continue but cannot temporarily. That's just the time a fella needs to know we're still with him. This bird doesn't even give us the chance, but we have a pretty good hunch from one thing and another, who he is; in fact have it narrowed down to about three possibilities. So we're sending each of the three a copy of this number and hope the writer of the letter will let us know if our guess is right. No one else need know.

# THE SOVIET REPUBLIC

By the Hon. A. Piatt Andrews (HM)

I spent five weeks in the Soviet Union, travelling alone or with an interpreter. I, of course, had no mission from our Government, nor did I have any connection whatever with any business interests affiliated with Soviet enterprises. I made the trip merely for my own personal information, to learn what I could of the life and problems of the Russian people, and to see what I could of a great country where so many of the institutions and standards accepted by the rest of the world have been discarded. I was in Moscow for ten days, including the May Day celebrations, and I visited many other cities and towns, several of the new industrial centres, some of the state farms and collective farms, and some of the rest areas, ranging all of the way from the Baltic to the Black and Caspian Seas.

Travel in the Soviet Union today, especially outside of the largest cities, means putting up with bad food, indescribable plumbing, many delays and a good deal of discomfort, but I found the trip worth all the effort and hardship. Taken all in all, it was the most strange and absorbing human experience which I have had since the years in the battle zone during the World War.

In fact the trip was curiously reminiscent of the abnormal and almost forgotten conditions of that period. Once again one saw bread cards, and black bread, far more black and sour than any one knew in the war. Once again one found rationed food and clothing, with most of the shops and stores closed or empty, and only here and there an open store or "co-operative" where a scant assortment of staples, but no comforts or luxuries, were to be had. Once again one found oneself among wretchedly clad people, in the midst of general dilapidation, poverty and squalor, with everything in disorder, wearing out and run down at the heel. Once more one smelled the pungent odors of throngs who never bathe, recalling the atmosphere in crowded dugouts fourteen years ago, but now these smells were everywhere, on trains and tramways, in railway stations, movie houses, theatres, dining halls, and clubs. In war time such forlorn conditions were confined to the area of the battle zone. In the land of the Soviets they now prevail generally, even in the best parts of the biggest cities.

Suggestive of war days also was the presence of soldiers everywhere, on guard with fixed bayonets in front of many buildings, lounging off duty in the public squares, or parading through the streets at all hours in step with bands playing stirring marches. The soldiers were the only well-clad people one saw in all of the Soviet Union, but they, in their high leather boots, trimly cut breeches, and tightly belted blouses, are as smartly uniformed as any troops in the world. The great military parade through the "Red Square" in Moscow on May Day was one of the most imposing displays of the kind that I can recall having seen anywhere in peace time. Seemingly endless files of freshly uniformed infantry, well-mounted cavalry, machine gun battalions, artillery, armored motor cars, tanks (at least a hundred of them), moved with speed and precision for two full hours before the reviewing stands around Lenin's Tomb, while a massed band of six hundred pieces furnished continuous music, and scores of planes whirred overhead. Similar parades were held that day in every city of the Soviet Union. For although the Soviet Government purports to be pacific in aim, it maintains the largest army in the world, and compels every able-bodied youth to serve from one to two years in its ranks.

Reminiscent of war time too was the ransacking of baggage at the frontier, both upon entrance and exit (which involved the minute examination of letters, books and papers of every sort), the petty interference with the taking of photographs even of the most innocuous subjects; the obligation on frequent occasions to cross the street in order not to pass too close to Government buildings; and the necessity of handing over one's passport to the police at every town one visited (which often left one with the uncomfortable feeling that his fate might be to spend the rest of his days within the Bolshevik borders.) Like war conditions, too, was the ban upon all foreign newspapers, weeklies and magazines, and particularly all foreign books. During the five weeks of my trip, I never was able to procure a single English, American, French or German newspaper. One had to depend upon what he could glean from the Soviet press for any knowledge of what was happening in the rest of the world, and from the Soviet papers one gathered that little was occurring in Europe and America, except strikes, riots, labor troubles, the burning of monasteries, and impending revolution.

Above all one was reminded of war by the ubiquitous use of propaganda on a scale never dreamed of by the nations engaged in the World War; hortatory posters in every shop window, and on every wall; banners with emotional slogans everywhere on the fronts of buildings, in the corridors of factories, schools, hospitals, dining halls, clubs, museums, hotels, cinemas, theatres, even hanging from the balconies and boxes of opera houses; rhetorical speeches broadcast by radio and bellowed through amplifiers on the public streets; anti-foreign cartoons and optimistic graphics on the front page of every daily and weekly paper; museums in every town or city to promote the cult of Lenin, Marx, and the Revolution, or to disparage religion; moving pictures and plays—even ballets—designed to inspire enthusiasm for what is

taking place. Propaganda to the right of them, propaganda to the left of them, propaganda in front of them, the people of the Soviet Union live, eat, work and sleep in the midst of propaganda. They read no papers or books from outside. They cannot travel beyond the Soviet frontier. They know nothing else and are allowed to think of nothing else.

The spirit dominating Soviet Russia fourteen years after the Revolution is very like that which prevailed in the rest of the world during the war. It is the spirit of fanatical intolerance, of artificially fostered hatred and enthusiasm, of militaristically enforced conformity, which other countries only know under the abnormal conditions of a state of war. The methods are those of a military despotism, —terror, and propaganda.

A small group of intellectual theorists have thus been able to substitute their own dictatorship for that of the old regime. By persuasion through propaganda so far as possible, but by ruthless force whenever considered necessary, they are able to rule the life and thought of a vast nation, to purge it of refractory elements, to render it so docile that they can vivisect it as they will, graft upon it what they choose, operate upon it and experiment with it in any way that they see fit. To them no individual has any rights that they are bound to respect, no right to live as he wills, to speak as he wills, to think as he wills, unless, of course, his opinions conform with theirs. He is not free to possess his own separate home or farm or garden, not free to educate his own children as he thinks best, not free to express any honest doubts he may hold as to the policy of those in power, not free even to quit the country if he wants to do so. Countless scholars and writers have been thrown into prison, or banished without trial, for having suggested some small deviation in the program of the party leaders who govern the country. Others have suffered the penalty of death for such minor offences as hoarding money. It is estimated that a million farmers within the past two years have had their homes and farms and cattle seized because they did not want to pool them, and have been sent with their families in poverty to remote regions of Siberia or other distant points of the Union.

Other countries in periods of war have known interference with personal liberty and human rights, but generally, when the wars have ended, propaganda has sooner or later lost its force, terror has been relaxed, and freedom and individual rights have been restored. Since the World War several countries in Europe have offered striking exceptions to this rule, and in such measure that one is sometimes led to wonder whether the era of democratic government may not perhaps be drawing to a close. Most extreme among these exceptions is the Soviet Union, where military despotism goes marching on, not only with unremitting determination, but even with increasing fury.

## A NEW TYPE OF MEMORIAL

Major General B. Frank Cheatham (M), former Colonel of 104th Infantry is Chairman of a committee in Washington, D. C., known as the Memorial Grove Committee. The central feature of this memorial is a beautiful white marble, circular, collonaded bandstand, now nearing completion on a site between the reflecting pool and the tidal basin. It is a memorial to the men of the District of Columbia who lost their lives in the war.

In addition to this central feature, it is planned to set out a memorial grove of trees around it, each tree to be a memorial in itself. The entire cost of setting out a proper tree is about $200.00. The trees will be marked if so desired, and may be memorials to the men of certain veteran organizations.

As yet the YD Veterans Association has not had opportunity to consider the desirability of having a Yankee Division tree, but it seems as if such a living memorial in the Nation's capital would be eminently fitting, and the cost is within reach of even the Association's modest treasury, if a few members interested in the idea come forward with a little. However, any definite action will have to wait for the consideration of the Executive Committee and this is merely passed on to determine if the members feel any interest in such a proposal.

## THE YD's UNOFFICIAL HOST

Members of YD Post, A. L., particularly members of the Drum Corps, are still talking of the hospitality they received while in Detroit from the hands of a transplanted Yank, Peter Sady (M) (G Co., 104th Inf.). It seems he turned his house into a YD headquarters, his street into a YD parade ground, and would have turned the rest of the city over to them if it had been in his power. Among the things it is reported he did were to get a high school field for the Corps to use in practice, and serve the whole crew with solid and liquid refreshments at his own house.

A letter has just arrived signed "Pete Sady (M) and Mrs.; Jack Guittaud (M) and Mrs." It reads: "Hope the boys got back safe, with only pleasant memories and no regrets. They left a few lonesome hearts around Detroit (blondes and brunettes). Come back soon."

## CHRISTMAS CARDS

Once more the Y. D. V. A. is sending out a brand new assortment of Christmas greeting cards. In line with the lower prices of everything which prevail this year, the value is higher than ever before.

Here is a chance to get full value in something we all use, to avoid Christmas crowds, and to help out the organization. It seems as if any man who can do all three of those things at $1.00 won't hesitate long in doing them.

# PORTLAND OR PARIS---WHICH?

Not Portland, Maine, where next year's Y. D. V. A. Convention is to be held, that's near enough for all New England to attend. It's Portland, Oregon, and the next convention of the American Legion we refer to.

Many members of the Y. D. V. A., who are also members of the Legion, have already expressed their intention of busting a leg to get to the West Coast next Fall and attend the Portland Convention. That will be along in September sometime. In the following May (1933) the YD is going to France. No doubt some there are to whom it will be no hardship to attend both, but these are few. The Y. D. V. A. doesn't feel it is trying to get business away from the Legion to boost its own trip. What few Legionnaires give up Portland for Paris will hardly be missed in the great throng of a National Convention while every one who signs up for the YD Pilgrimage will count heavily.

The cost will not be greatly different in either case. The distance is nearly the same. But six or seven days of the comfort of a big ocean liner—with excellent meals included—will make more of an appeal to some than four or five hot, cramped, dusty nights in railway sleepers. Of course, there are those to whom the hectic turmoil of a great convention, the rumors, the politics, the excitement, the carnival spirit, the whoopee, act as a magnet from which there is no escape. But there are others whose fond hope of some day revisiting the old familiar scenes of France has never wholly deserted them, to whom pleasant hours at a sidewalk table while the world moves by, unhurried and tranquil, stirs the old desire to live once more for a few weeks in a familiar foreign land.

After all, isn't another Legion Convention just another Legion Convention? Aren't all American cities just about the same? For a trip that is different, for a trip to remember as long as you live, return to France with your own old pals, get the thrill of finding some spot you left twelve or thirteen years ago, yield without a struggle to the sensuous charm, the piquant appeal of the city which robs you of reason but repays you in joy.

During the winter to come, think it over. If you can make both "take-ins," good for you—wish we could. But if only one, make a choice that will give you what you most enjoy.

## OUT FOR CHIEF OF MILITIA BUREAU

Brigadier General James W. Hanson, formerly Major, 103rd Infantry, and present Adjutant General of Maine, has announced his candidacy for the post of Chief of the Militia Bureau, soon to be filled because of retirement of the present incumbent.

## FROM GENERAL LASSITER

The following letter has been received by General Cole (LM), President of the YD Veterans Association, from General William Lassiter, former Commanding General, 51st Field Artillery Brigade, who has just reached the automatic retirement age in the regular army:

My dear General Cole:

I can assure you I appreciate very much indeed the letter you sent me on your own part and on the part of the Veterans Association, on the occasion of my retirement from active service.

The letter reached me after I had boarded the transport and just after I had relinquished my last command, and it helped to break the blow to think that my old comrades of the 26th were thinking of me. I have always held in admiration that fine bunch of men I had in the 51st F. A. Brigade. They took hold in magnificent shape. They received hard knocks from the beginning and knew how to return them.

It is a great pleasure to see how the Division is keeping up its fine spirit and I hope that some day I may have the chance to meet you and some of my other friends in some quiet place where we can talk things over again.

With my warmest regards to you and the Association.

Very sincerely,
William Lassiter

## RECOGNITION AT LAST

A newspaper dispatch from Washington relates the unearthing, in a seldom-used room of the State, War and Navy Building, of a large painting of U. S. Army Engineers camouflaging a French village. The signatures show it was painted by Privates A. Rattnere, G. B. Ashworth, and K. Hartwell, all of A Co., 40th Engineers.

A legend, telling the story begins:

"We make the roads where others march to glory,
Brothers in danger, weariness and cold—
They are the heroes of the world-wide story,
Ours is the story that is never told."

## OLDEST YD VET FEELS THE YOUNGEST

Daniel J. Dowd of Woodstock, Vermont, who, at 70 years is the oldest living veteran of the Yankee Division, stated, when he passed through Boston, Detroit bound for the Legion Convention, that he felt the youngest of any man in the Division.

## YD ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA

Well, we have had a meeting and a picnic since I last wrote. The meeting was one that would warm the heart of any YD man. The principal business was planning for the picnic, and how the boys warmed up to the idea. Everything needed was offered freely —coffee, ice cream, transportation and what not. Fellows were bobbing up all over the hall to donate their time and talent to make the affair a big success and it sure made me feel good to be one of a bunch like this.

Other business was the adoption of a motion to set our annual dues at $3.00, two of which will go to the Y. D. V. A. We won't get rich on the surplus, but as it was pointed out, we don't want to. We are more interested in having our Division organization out here where the boys can get together, and the dues have been set with a consideration of the men least able to pay. Secretary LOUIS NYE signed up about twenty-five members immediately, so you will be hearing from him soon if you haven't already.

The day of the picnic was crowded with activity from the minute the first groups arrived until the last happy good-byes had been said. The advance guard established a troop kitchen and a KP detail was drafted to get things ready for the big dinner at noon. JIM RIPLEY (M. G. Co., 104th Inf.) made the coffee and it was real Java too—not that iodine we used to get in the Army. Heeding the request of the committee, the married folks brought an abundance of food to provide for the unemployed buddies and those of single blessedness, or whatever state it is that the unattached boys are supposed to enjoy. At noon all sat down to enjoy the bountiful meal which resembled the first Thanksgiving dinner of the Pilgrims. Many were groaning before the ice cream and do-nuts had been served. For this unexpected treat we had to thank our own J. C. MORSE (D Co., 101st Engrs.) who obtained the donations.

After the dinner those who could still walk attempted to play ball, and while the game wasn't what you might call close, it furnished a lot of fun and exercise. ARCHIE BRADLEY (104th Inf.) started to pitch for the Doughboys but retired with the score 9 to 0 against him and none out in the first inning. Only nine batters faced his demon delivery during the time he was on the mound. The game broke up in an argument over the score, some saying it was 60 to 50 in favor of the Redlegs, while others said it was the other way around. As no one had thought to bring an adding machine, the game was declared a tie.

A program of races had to be abandoned because of the inability of the committee to herd the gang together. The men folks were all up in the St. Mihiel sector most of the afternoon and the women were having a gab-fest of their own while the kids were scattered all over the playground enjoying the swings and see-saws.

Everybody had a great time and as the party broke up the question asked by all was, "when is the next one?"

JIM BROWN (E Batt., 102nd F. A.), GEORGE CANON (B Co., 102nd Inf.), and E. A. DRESSER (D Co., 102nd Inf.) were on the committee that put the picnic over with a bang, and all displayed the good old YD spirit in carrying out their appointed tasks so naturally it was a wow.

Yours cordially,

—GEORGE K. MITCHELL

P.S. 1.—What do you think JOHN FOX brought to the dinner? You'd never guess so I'll tell you—a can of CORNED WILLIE!

P.S. 2.—It wasn't opened.

—G. K. M.

## GENERAL EDWARDS MEMORIAL

The General Edwards Memorial Commission appointed by Governor Ely has been engaged during the past month in visiting the studios of eight or ten Massachusetts sculptors of note, viewing their work and considering their eligibility as competitors for the commission of executing the memorial to General EDWARDS.

No final decision has yet been made regarding the site to be occupied by the memorial, the Commission preferring to spend as much time as possible in deliberation. If found permissible, the report of the Commission to the Legislature in December will be published in YANKEE DOINGS.

Every member of the Yankee Division should bear in mind that this commission is giving hours of sincere and disinterested consideration to all angles of the project, without compensation, knowing that whatever final decision is made will not please everyone. It therefore asks that its decision be regarded not as a concession to this person or that, but rather an honest interpretation of the wishes of the greatest number, and it feels certain that those whose individual ideas are not fulfilled will get behind the approved project to push it through to a successful end.

## THAT WAS DIFFERENT

JOHN DENNIHAN (M) heard this one and passes it on.

A prospective Communist is being questioned by the party boss.

"If you had a farm of 1000 acres would you give 500 acres to a man who had no farm?"

"Yes."

"Good, and if you had $1000 would you give $500 of it to a man who had no money?"

"Yes, sure I would."

"Fine, and one more question. If you had two shirts, would you give one to a man who had no shirt?"

"No, sir, I would not."

"What? You wouldn't? Why not?"

"Because I've got two shirts."

# INTO THE LINES FOR THE FIRST TIME

By Philip N. Sanborn (M)

For many days spent in transcribing these notes, I have seen looming before me an event of such startling, yet sinister clearness that it has stood as a beacon, towering against the horizon, while objects either side of it are already partly effaced by the dimming mist of time;—and have hastened toward it, always with misgivings as to whether the ability would be given me, so to describe this one night that one who had never had like experience might nevertheless see and feel its hidden power.

Our first trip to the line! If the task were but to picture it to the man who had been there, how few words would suffice; darkness, road-column, sound of tramping feet, camouflage screens, star-shells, distant firing, ruins;—with these few words a comrade-in-arms already has the picture; he sees again, not your trip to the line, but his own, and then merely fits the details of your story to his picture;—for the same atmosphere pervades them all. But to paint that picture in phrases such that the stay-at-home shall feel that he also has been there;—"ah! there's the rub."

Never was Shakespeare's conception, wherein he sees the whole world as a stage, more intensely true than during the epic struggle of which we found ourselves a part. Episodes charged to super-saturation with dramatic power abounded throughout every hour. Here, I am not speaking particularly of this night, but of the war as a whole. As a drama of cataclysmic proportions, it eclipsed the mightiest efforts of great playwrights of all ages.

For over four years, the little bearded men of France had been "up there" stemming the tide of destruction, with their three staunch friends, "Soixante-Quinze," "Mitrailleuse," and "Rosalie";—yes, and "Madelon," for surely she helped win the war. America, the great ally from overseas had come to relieve their tired bodies and souls. The moment was at hand;—the first American division to take its place, as a whole, in the line, was winding along the roads of the rear areas, always nearer, nearer, the outposts of civilization,—filtering in, a battalion here, a company there, under the blanket of darkness. No grand charge, colors streaming in the sunlight, to the strains of glorious martial music;—no, a silent, stealthy crawling into battle, silhouetted figures of still murkier gloom against an ink-black landscape, an endless file of men, distorted by the great packs they wore on their backs, till they seemed, in the darkness, hideous creatures of malformation.

We leave the little ruined village at dusk, and for about two miles the road is up-hill; we pant and sweat and curse; so does the shadow of small discomfort eclipse the vision of the ideal. At the top we fall out for a ten-minute rest and our last smoke, for at the next halt, we are told, lights will be visible from the enemy's lines. On once more, we are now on the plateau, and the great highway is as level and straight as some Gargantuan bowling-alley. Our skipper was, as usual, out to make a record in speed, and hiked us at a killing pace. No sound but the measured tread of marching feet; we who had been so long together that we could recognize one another, back-to, in the darkness, by the angle of the hat, a peculiarity of step, watched lovingly the moving figures nearest us, and mentally named them over, recalling some anecdote of each, and chuckling at the feeling of companionship it gave us to remember.

Vastness, mystery, danger, loneliness, seemed living things, inhabiting all the region beyond the circle where these familiar figures moved,—and of these beings Loneliness was king. No light, no sound, we alone inhabited a solitary and ghastly planet.

As if to fulfill these unformed thoughts, shadowy figures were seen against the sky, a little way ahead, and the overworked imagination could see in them ever-changing, fantastic fades of ogres, grimacing to each other, much as faces may be seen in a bank of thunder clouds. Upon coming nearer these proved to be camouflage screens, blankets of wire with painted burlap woven in and out, and stretched from poles along the right of the road; we were passing a spot where the road was visible to the enemy's balloons in daylight. Knowledge of what our ghosts were made of did little to dispel their gruesomeness, the darkness was so intense that even viewed close at hand they were strangely grotesque.

Suddenly a dreary range of hills, whose distance might have been one mile or ten, appeared out of the darkness, clear-cut against a greenish white horizon. A faint reflection of this same sickly light reveals more clearly objects close at hand. The light is not steady, but flickers and pulsates like the heart-beat of a dying man. Our first star-shell,—the path-finder of the front,—for on a night march to the line the first flare tells us where the front line is, tells us that safety and comfort are falling behind, that we are entering the land of desolation.

A hollow thud, as of someone striking an empty hogshead with a mallet; a gun in the distance has spoken; a faint sputter as when a boy drags a stick along a picket fence, the "mitrailleuse" is talking. The flickering light behind the hills and these sounds tell us that the darkness does not clothe a land of oblivion and lethargic chaos, but a highly sensitized human organism;—perhaps out there in the darkness deeds are being done which tomorrow will be shouted in the streets of New York and Boston. Newspaper offices back at home are beehives of industry, setting

up the story of this day's page in the drama; beyond that gray, mist-shrouded hill may be the story for which they wait. Mysterious paradox, amid loneliness and silence, we are yet at the focus of the world's attention.

Thus the night passes on, we turn from the Route Nationale into a lesser road, full of ruts and stones, jerk our packs up higher, give vent to our disgust and fatigue,—yet who shall say that under the surface we have not already felt "the shock of an epic day." At last we are actors on the stage of the world, in the theatre where all humanity is the audience. We are atoms tossed about by Destiny, and the soldier's creed of fatalism has birth.

Turning abruptly from the pitch-dark road, we enter, through a well-concealed entrance, a large cave, about forty feet underground. Turning sharply to the left we pass through a fairly large chamber, and then up a flight of wooden steps and along devious winding passages, all lined with empty wooden bunks. Each of us is assigned to one, we unsling our packs, get an armful of straw which is ready, make up our bunks and turn in.

With what relief do we find ourselves once more bounded by something smaller than infinite space. Perspective rights itself; we are again human beings, the bunks look good; some fellow's pack which had tumbled apart on the way forcing him to carry a pair of socks in his hand appeals to us as a huge joke; the old familiar howl, "When do we eat?" Ah, things are normal again, the great outside is forgotten, pipes are lighted, and stories of the hike are told,—not such stories as I have told, but tales of trivial things, with many a curse for the officers who had no packs to lug. Do we talk and laugh over these lesser things to cover the deep emotion which has stolen into our hearts with the light of the star-shell and the thump of the guns? Frankly, I do not know.

## BOWLING FANS

As you doubtless know, the bowling alleys at the YD Club are leased to an outside organization. Whether you do your bowling there or elsewhere makes no difference in the amount of rent the Club receives. BUT, whether the alleys do a good business or not makes a whole lot of difference in their continuing to do business there. So, if you feel the urge to bowl, and don't live too far away, why not use the alleys at the Club, "than which there are none finer."

## CORRECTION

In last month's YANKEE DOINGS, under the contributions to the YD Overseas Memorial, the name of ROGER WILLIAMS (M) was erroneously assigned to the 101st Infantry. Col. HUME (M) calls our attention to the fact that Captain WILLIAMS (M) commanded I Company of the 103rd Infantry, and DOINGS is glad to make this correction.

## SIDELIGHTS ON 101st INFANTRY REUNION

**By Jim Mahan**

Here is a hot one. Four members of "C" arrived about midnight Friday, 11th, and desired a couple of rooms. Connections were made by the housing committee and a guide dispatched with the quartet. The rooms in question were located on High St., about half-way between headquarters and the canteen. After looking over the rooms which were satisfactory and receiving a key from the landlady, the boys inquired about the canteen. The guide proceeded with them to the canteen where he left them with promises to meet on the morrow. At noon the next day the guide again met the boys of "C" and asked how they passed the night, when one of the quartet spoke up and said, "Say, where in hell was those rooms, we couldn't find the house after we left the canteen and had to sleep in the car on the roadside."

*Note.*—We didn't think any of the Boston boys could get lost so easily in Clinton, especially when you take into consideration that headquarters, the rooms and the canteen are all located on the same street.

MR. BIRMINGHAM (M) (A Co.) pulled the greatest act of the entire celebration and the people of Clinton are still talking about his wonderful feat. During the hour of parade he climbed onto the canopy over the entrance of the Hotel Oxford and gave an exhibition never before duplicated in this section. He shadowboxed, danced and performed acrobatic stunts, while the crowd looked on in amazement and also in fear that he would pitch headlong to the sidewalk. Outside of a few cracked sections of the canopy roof, the act was a decided success. Mr. BIRMINGHAM, you ought to have a talk with Mr. Barnum.

*Lost.* One blanket by one Indian at the Saturday night dance on the 12th. Mr. Indian reported the loss to the box office and said the culprit pulled the stunt while he was taking a snooze, and the orchestra was playing "Don't Leave Me Alone."

Talking about "souvenir hounds," here is the best we have seen in that line in a long time. After the banquet two of those "hounds" were found carrying out chairs from the Armory. Some say that those birds wanted to furnish a speakeasy and thought they might as well start with Clinton furniture. The glass factories will have to work overtime to replenish the amount of glass that was broken and carried away from the canteen. More souvenir "hounds" were at work there.

—JAMES H. MAHAN

## MILITARY BALL IN NEW HAVEN

On the evening of October 23rd, 1931, (the night before the Army-Yale game) the members of the National Guard and Naval Militia will stage their annual formal military ball in the State Armory (Goffe St.) at New Haven. YD veterans in Connecticut (or elsewhere) keep the date in mind.

# REUNION OF THE 101st INFANTRY

By James T. Duane (M)

Reunions may come and reunions may go but the memories of the 1931 Reunion and Convention of the old 101st Infantry, A. E. F., held in Clinton, Mass., on Sept. 11 and 12, will remain forever.

For months, smiling JOHN KELLY (M), President of the 101st Infantry Veterans Association, and his committee headed by VINCENT BREEN (M), D. S. C., and JIM CRESSWELL (M), D. S. C., labored hard to formulate plans for the reunion.

The officers finally selected K Co. Associates of Clinton to act as host to the convention. This small group of about thirty-five Clinton veterans of "Dear Old K" accepted the honor and promised a real celebration. How well that pledge was executed can be answered by any man who was fortunate enough to attend.

The reunion was designated as a two-fold observance. It was a memorial tribute to "Daddy" EDWARDS and Chaplain ROLLINS and all the boys of the old outfit who died in service or since discharge. It was also a celebration of the great victory of the Battle of St. Mihiel, the first all-American drive in the World War.

On Friday afternoon, about four o'clock the gang started to arrive at registration headquarters and the reunion was on. The entire local committee was on hand to greet the visitors. The first sights that greeted them were gaily-decorated streets and signs on all sides bearing the word "Welcome." That word must have been written by the people of Clinton with their heart's blood, for if ever a townspeople said welcome and really meant it, it was the people in that charming and hospitable town. It was a greeting and God Bless You on every hand and the tribute showed fully that Clintonians were proud to have the boys of the old 101st Infantry with them and it was plain that they fully realized and appreciated the glorious record of bravery and devotion of their own boys of K Company who were a part of the regiment.

The Military Ball held in the beautiful Town Hall on Friday evening was one of those affairs that happen all too seldom. Everybody had a mighty good time and all the boys with their wives and sweethearts did themselves proud. The Grand March was wonderful and it was thrilling to see all the "hommes" and "dames" strutting their finest. The full Alhambra Band of Boston furnished the inspiration and who wouldn't feel young again with such music. All the folks had a real old-fashioned good time. Later reports showed that many of the gang hated to admit the old man is getting them but "After the Ball is Over" there were many stiff muscles and tired dogs. The clock in the belfry tolled 3.15 a.m. as it was over.

Saturday, September 12, and the big day is on. Just thirteen years ago this morning the heavens were flooded with shrill shrieks of artillery and gas-wounded being taken back; bodies buried in thick slimy mud, prisoners by the hundreds being taken to headquarters, and three hundred meters of barbed wire entanglement to pass through before reaching the enemy's first line, the Grande Tranchee de Calonne. Today, at the same hour, 8.52 a.m., zero hour, thirteen heavy guns were fired on Clinton Common. The air is again filled with shrieks — but this time they are shrieks of laughter and merriment. The hardships, misery and latrine rumors are all forgotten, and only the happy moments are remembered.

At K Co. headquarters on the main stem (High St.) there were nearly a thousand individual grand reunions. It was a sight for sore eyes or weak hearts to see that gang of slicker-salesmen and soap swappers (combien's) grasping the hands of comrades whom they had not seen for years, many since the days of cooties and real beer.

The business meeting was called to order in the Town Hall at 10 o'clock by JOHN KELLY (M), President. There were speeches of welcome made by EDWARD WATTES, Clerk of the Selectmen of Clinton, a member of K Co., greetings from JIM DUANE (M), Gen. LOGAN (M), ex-Attorney General Herbert Parker of Lancaster, and others.

Various forms of business were transacted and then came the election of officers for 1931-32. The nominations made, election followed: JIM CRESSWELL (M) D. S. C., (K Co.), President; DAN BRENNAN (M Co.) and JOE MCLAUGHLIN (G Co.) Worcester, Vice-Presidents; A. J. FURDON, Sec.; AL HAYES, Treas.

At noon His Honor James M. Curley, Mayor of Boston, arrived. The public was invited into the hall and one of the finest and most inspiring speeches ever made at a gathering of veterans was heard there. His Honor certainly told the boys how essential meetings and reunions were to them. His plea for peacetime soldiers was a masterpiece.

The meeting adjourned, the usual posing for pictures and then the trip down to the 101st Canteen. And what a canteen it was! Twelve men with white frocks and all the trimmings. The box lunch was served at the canteen.

At 2:30 the parade formed and at a signal the finest and most colorful parade ever assembled outside of a national convention was on its way.

Gen. LOGAN (M) was Honorary Marshal but he chose to march away back in line with his old outfit. Gen. TOM FOLEY was marshal. Following him came President JOHN KELLY (M), then Chief of Staff JIM DUANE (M), Gen. CHARLIE COLE (LM), Major VINCE BREEN (M) D. S. C., and then the President of K Co., REGGIE BATES as Assistant Chief of Staff, then the Staff: Major FRANK DONOVAN, Congress-

man BILLY CONNERY (M), Adj. Gen. JOHN AGNEW (M), Major BILL MCCARTHY, Col. BILL BLAKE (M), ANDY BERNARD (M), Fr. MIKE O'CONNOR (M), President JIM CRESSWELL (M), FRED JACKSON (M) and others.

Colonel ARTHUR DESMOND (M) and two battalions of the new 101st Infantry led the line, then came the entire 181st Infantry and the United Spanish War Veterans. The Worcester County Posts of the American Legion were next in line followed by the Veterans of Foreign Wars. Then the 101st Infantry Veterans with about eleven hundred members. The British and Colonial Veterans and the Scottish Clan were next, they being led by a Scottish Bag Pipe Band of ladies, followed by the entire membership of the High School pupils.

The third division consisted of all floats. Twenty-four floats of many descriptions, the first containing Gold Star Mothers of boys of the 101st, and to add a lot of pathos to the thing a Bugle and Drum Corps consisting of all 100% totally and permanently disabled boys from the Bedford Hospital marched directly in front of the Gold Star Mothers.

The parade took approximately one and one-half hours to pass a given point—21 Drum Corps and Bands, 24 Floats.

After the parade a Drum Corps competition was held on Fuller's Field, this field being named for a former member of K Co.

The YD Drum Corps in their snappy new French uniforms presented a ceremony: "Tribute to the Living and the Dead." Guard Mount was also presented by the National Guard.

At 7:30 the Banquet was held in the Armory, attended by eight hundred old timers. Gen. LOGAN (M) acted as Toastmaster, BILLY CONNERY (M) and "UTIE" MADDEN furnished the entertainment, and Senator David I. Walsh was the principal speaker. He paid a glowing tribute to the outfit and was at his best—which means quite some speech.

Many of the gang traveled far and wide to attend the reunion. One fellow from Canada, one from Texas, one from the State of Washington, and one from Illinois. Others may have come farther but our mind is hazy at this moment.

G Company of Worcester and Woburn won the cup for having the largest number in line, 156, and their snappy appearance should have won a second cup for them but the judges evidently felt they should distribute the prizes about, so they gave a cup to M Co. of Lowell and Hudson for appearance in line.

JIM CROWLEY of K Co. won the cup for remaining in Clinton longest after the reunion, his stay of 11 days is a record.

Thirteen cups were awarded and two hundred dollars as prizes in the Drum Corps contest. Hudson Veterans of Foreign Wars Corps won 1st, West Springfield V. F. W., 2nd; Back Bay Post 117, A. L., 3rd; and Nashua, V. F. W., 4th

Senator Walsh, Congressman CONNERY (M), Fr. O'CONNOR and a number of old frends of the Regiment held forth in the official reviewing stand.

All the cups were presented by various societies, so the entire regiment joins in extending their thanks and appreciation for the cups and those who presented floats. These are but one sign of the co-operation given by the Clintonites.

The 101st Infantry now has one of the finest and strongest Veterans Associations in the nation. The outfit is greatly indebted to K Company and its committees for their untiring efforts in putting the affair across big. JIM MAHAN, the publicity man, BATES, the President, PETE SCHOFIELD, the Secretary, and the others have every reason to be proud of the success and the many fine compliments being paid them.

The Boy Scouts who acted as liaison and did odd jobs of traffic duty and as guides deserve heaps of praise for they not only acted the part of real scouts but good soldiers.

Clinton will long remember the visit of the 101st Veterans and there is no doubt the veterans will long remember with fond memories their visit to Clinton. The visit did them both good and as years go by and the boys are called from the ranks to snap into their final salute to Him who is Commander-in-Chief of all men, their comrades will carry on with a renewed spirit of comradeship born in Battle and rekindled in Clinton.

The only request that K Co. Association has is that they may be afforded further opportunities to be of service to their beloved 101st Infantry, A. E. F.

Again we exclaim long and loud—Reunions may come and reunions may go, but this one in Clinton was a 100% Wow.

—JAMES T. DUANE (M)

## DETROIT RETURNS THE CALL

Less than a week after the "bunch" got back from the Legion Convention who should blow into the Club but DAVE SWARTZ (M) (102nd Amb. Co.), and by the greeting he received from those who were his guests in Detroit, he must have been a popular guy out there, in spite of the fact that he is in the Immigration Service, stationed on the international bridge. However, better that than a customs man.

From letters that have trickled in from Dave from month to month, he's been just pinin' away to get back to Boston, and the smile he wore coming up the Club stairs confirmed the hunch.

## STILL THE SAME OLD PALS

The 26th and the 42nd Divisions always seemed somehow like twin brothers. That their peculiar comradeship in war days still exists today is evidenced by a very cordial notice in the *Southern California Rainbow*, of the formation of the YD Association of California with wishes of good luck. That goes both ways, Rain-Bo's!

## YD POST No. 290, AMERICAN LEGION

On Monday, September 14, the installation of officers took place in the YD Hall. The following men were installed by Past Commander JAMES D. WOOD (M):

Commander, ROBERT DUNCAN (M); Senior Vice Commander, MARK KING (M); Junior Vice Commander, S. O. SOUSA (M); Chaplain, WILLIAM DAVIS (M); Finance Officer, JOSEPH SIMMONS (M); Adjutant, H. GUY WATTS (LM); Historian, ANDREW BERNARD (M); Sergeant-at-Arms, PETER MCDONALD (M).

A number of invited guests were present from other Posts, and a big turn-out of the ladies were on hand. "CHICK" MEADE (M) handled the music and talent, and JOHN WALSH (M) did a good job in passing out the refreshments. The drawing for a chest of silver was won by a member of the O'Shea Post.

The next thing of importance for the members of this Post was the trip to Detroit. The zero hour was 4.45 p.m. on Saturday, September 19, and the jumping-off place was in front of the Club. The objective was DETROIT, at any cost. Hustle and bustle of bags, bundles, canes, and whatnot, were piled into cars driven by Mrs. Bill Baltin, JIMMY HAWKINS (M), LEON PORTER (M), and HAROLD PAGE's father (LM), who took good care of all baggage and landed it safely at the station. In front of the Club the Bugle and Drum Corps formed, and BOB DUNCAN (M) our new Commander, blew his whistle, and away we went down Huntington Avenue, through the heart of the city to the South Station. Entering the Station the YD gang received a royal welcome from the thousands who crowded the place. And what a scene at the Station. One would think that the old *guerre* was on again, with all the blaring of bands, bugles, and drums, the flaring of flags and banners, and handshakes. A shower of hugs and kisses, a *bon voyage* from the crowd, and we were off.

Words cannot describe the ride en route, for it was one grand round of merriment. At Niagara was our first chance to limber up the dogs and pick off a bite to eat. Next in line was a visit to the well known Falls, and as JIMMY LYNCH (M) informed the gang the Falls were still running, and sure enough, they were.

Detroit was reached at 7.00 o'clock Sunday evening, and waiting in the yards were JIMMY ROSE (M), MARTY TAYLOR (M), PETE MCDONALD (M), and JOHNNY HALFENSTINE (M) of this Post and Major John Drury, Doc Vincent and Jimmy Mais of the Oliver Ames Post. They had made arrangements for the gang to be quartered, and also for our invasion of Detroit. And what an invasion. The whole gang marched up town and when we reached the Grand Circus Park a wonderful reception was handed to our bunch by thousands upon thousands. A large picture of General EDWARDS was carried in front of our Post, and the Drum Corps blazed away in fine shape. Once in their quarters, a change of clothing, a bite to eat, and the boys were on their own to take a peek of the city.

Tuesday was the day of the Big Parade, and our Corps and Color Guards all decked out in their new French uniforms made a great hit all along the seven miles of march. Passing by the big reviewing stand, we could plainly hear the announcer shouting over the "mike," "The Famous Yankee Division is now passing." What a thrill to hear that!

On Thursday, before leaving Detroit, our Corps were invited to take part in a parade in Windsor. From all reports they stole the whole show.

One of the things we should feel thankful for was the manner in which we were received by one of the old crowd who hung around the Club for years. It is none other than our old friend, PETE SADY (M). A march to his home, a key to his house for the gang, and plenty of refreshments, made us feel that one of the old boys was glad to see his pals once again. And when we were about to leave the city the members of the Detroit Traffic Squad did a marvellous job in escorting us through the crowded city. And then the ride home, silence and peace, and what a contrast to the ride out.

—M. K. (M)

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## ENTERTAINED BY AN M. P. IN DETROIT

A few words of appreciation for the good time given to us by our Detroit buddies, JACK GUITTAUD (M), PETE SADY (M), JOHN MALLEN, LOU KANE, Mae Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Allyngham, and the host of good friends of theirs who kept things popping while we were sojourning in their fair city.

Some of the boys had their headquarters at the Statler, some at the Book-Cadillac and others at the various hotels, but ours was at good old Room 724, United Artists Building, with an annex at 7407 Dunedin St. Hospitality with a capital "H" was dispensed at the latter address by Mrs. Jack Guittaud, ably assisted by the above named.

If the next Convention city could be named by the YD Legionnaires, Detroit would have first call.

The Drum Corps will also join us in appreciation of the wonderful afternoon spent at PETE SADY's (M) house on Monday, when about fifty of the Post left the hotel in a bus, stopped a block from his house, and marched up the street with all the kids in the neighborhood following. While the Corps were out practicing the others were getting a feed ready that Pete and Mrs. Sady had prepared for us, and with the help of the Captain downstairs we had everything ready when the Corps came back hungry and warm. Plenty of sandwiches and cold beer made the fellows feel like new, and before leaving they saluted the host and hostess and voted the afternoon the best in Detroit.

And then the party wound up Thursday night at JACK GUITTAUD'S (M) home with the bar all set,

TED WILSON (M) and DAVE KEEFE (M) rivalling on drinking and telling stories, "a good time was had by all."

—DAVE KEEFE (M)
—TED WILSON (M)
—PHIL SOUSA (M)

## YD AUXILIARY

YOU are invited, coerced, urged and any other synonym that means do YOUR part for the Annual Bazaar to be held November 18, 1931, in the Club rooms from 2 p.m. till midnight. "Ma" Snape, Past President is chairman.

Mrs. Alice Snape, 101st Engineers. Ma has so many useful and beautiful articles that you will need to see them to appreciate her lovely handiwork, come to buy some Christmas gift and help the WELFARE FUND of which there is great need, both for hospital and family aid. The calls for WELFARE are extremely heavy and you will do a charitable deed by coming to the Bazaar with the intent to aid the good work. If you are unable to attend, the Chairman will be very happy to receive your donation. The CAUSE is noble and YOU will be proud that you had a part in helping some YD veteran or his family who is in need.

Unit Chairmen as follows:

Mrs. Clara Alsen, Chairman APRON TABLE and she has FIFTY varieties, surely you will find YOUR style, color and kind, priced so reasonably, you just can't resist.

Mrs. Allen Smith, Chairman, 101st Signal Corps Variety Table.

Mrs. Bessie Malay, Chairman 104th Ammunition Train, will exhibit a "HOOKED" RUG, a perfectly legitimate business, in spite of the misnomer. You will want it. Even "WHERE U BOT THE HAT" they ask $25.00 for them, come and you may "HOOK" it for .25. Lady LUCK plays no favorites.

Mrs. Mary Kane, Chaplain, Chairman HANDKERCHIEFS, NOW here is where you may "BLOW" yourself for a fair and dainty bit and so reasonably priced.

Mrs. Sarah McKinley, Chairman 103rd Infantry, Novelties.

Mother A. T. Buswell, Past President, 101st Engineers, Chairman of WHITE ELEPHANT TABLE. Mother would not hoodwink you, NO INDEED, just visit her table. What she does not sell she will GIVE away for a souvenir. Mother has "taking" ways but her GIVING propensities are just as strong.

Mrs. Adele Hendrickson, Secretary, Chairman 101st Infantry, will announce her WARES "BUY AND BUY."

Mrs. Anna Mortimer, Chairman SUPPER (tickets 50 cents) promises a delicious supper. Menu: Ham, potatoes and carrots, jelly, pickles, bread, coffee, tea, mince pie and some EXTRAS thrown in for GOOD MEASURE.

Mrs. Charles Randall, Chairman WHIST, beginning at 8 p.m. with very attractive prizes. Mrs. Randall invites ALL to play and pay 50 cents.

Mrs. Sadie Davis, Chairman of GIFT of $2.50 in gold to NON member, she will let ALL NON-COMS in on the secret. THIS is our ONE EVENT of the year, when we ask the assistance of ALL in order that we may continue taking care of those less fortunate. We shall tell you in DOINGS what the SUM TOTAL is. Please help it to be "SOME FIGURE." THANKS.

Captain GEORGE DEMETER will be the Guest Speaker at the October meeting, giving instruction in Parliamentary Law of which Capt. DEMETER is a past master. Bring your "note book" and bottle up some LAW when you may have it GRATIS. Capt. DEMETER has the degrees of LL.D., M.A. and A.B. You parliamentarians may bring your problems to this meeting with the assurance that they will be capably and courteously received by Capt. Demeter.

—MRS. ADELE HENDRICKSON,
*Chairman, Publicity.*

## WHAT A GERMAN SOLDIER THOUGHT ABOUT

The following letter, a copy of which was sent to DOINGS by E. K. HALE (M) (103rd Inf.) was found in a German dugout near St. Mihiel.

Dear Otto:

We hope and we fear, but things go on and on without change and without a ray of light. One often becomes pessimistic. In more hopeful moments one is ashamed of one's weakness. One tries to force oneself to think more sanely, and to make oneself hope and try to gain courage. One tries with manly resolution to look difficulties in the face and to endure. In more tender moments—which are not the worst—one has softer, more human emotions. One looks toward the future and hopes for better and happier times with humane and useful work. One becomes more tender and sentimental. I just recall a little poem, written by a soldier:

"We are on the train moving toward the front.
The lamps on the coach have gone out,
The windows rattle as if in fear.
Where are we going? I know not.
Perhaps to death—I see no light.
I only know that every time the wheel turns
It carries me further away from you.
Sleep beckons and softly entreats,
And faintly in my ear I hear your farewell words."

The matter of the German-Americans is deplorable. What you write of the English I am not quite in accord with. The Englishman is tenacious, and the French have a zeal. One can't deny the higher ideals of the war-used Frenchmen—to the English it is the defense merely of an unimportant, no-account piece of French soil —the French defend their hearthstones.

Next Monday we have a review.

With hearty greetings, ARNOLD

## VERMONT MEETING OF THE Y. D. V. A.

The YD veterans of Vermont, under the leadership of the Vice-President for that State, WARREN H. CLIFFORD (M) of St. Johnsbury, have chosen the dates of October 9, 10 and 11 for holding the circuit meeting in that State. The city chosen was St. Johnsbury. This is the first State this year which has arranged for a three-day affair. Notices have appeared in the Vermont newspapers and others sent out by mail. Of course this issue of DOINGS went to press before the event came to pass, so you will have to wait till next month to hear about it.

Now, let's hear from you birds down Connecticut. Blow your bugles and gather your clans from Putnam to Greenwich. Join the caravan and make the Y. D. V. A. a household word throughout New England.

## YD CLUB OF BOSTON

Summer is over and the regular events of the YD Club are starting in for the winter season. The regular monthly smokers promise to be as interesting and well attended as in past years. The summer has been a particularly dull time without activity of any sort since the gala day at Camp Devens in July.

It is the announced plan of the Board of Governors to police up and renovate the Club property to the extent that the treasury will permit. The depression has of course hit the Club as it has everyone else, and many needed repairs to building and furniture have had to be postponed. YANKEE DOINGS perhaps with too much presumption, makes a gratuitous suggestion to the Board of Governors. A great deal of policing up, washing, painting, redecorating and mending of furniture could be done at little cost by utilizing good loyal Club spirit. A number of members have been hit pretty hard by poor business and have been unable to find work. Rather than sit around the Club in spare time almost every one of these would be glad to pitch in and fix the place up. Other organizations have even built their own clubhouse. What is a little cleaning and painting compared to a job like that? The Board has a perfect right to hop on our neck, but it's just a suggestion.

## TAPS

JOSEPH A. KANE, formerly of Headquarters Company, 104th Infantry, died at his home, 33 Putnam Street, Somerville, Mass., on Sunday, September 13, 1931. Funeral services were held on Tuesday, September 15, at 9.15 a.m. Mass at St. Joseph's Church, Union Square, Somerville, at 9.45 a.m. Burial was at Fitchburg, Mass.

A great many veterans of the 104th Infantry were present on Sunday, September 27, at the funeral of 2nd Lieut. ALVIN V. ROBERTS, D Co., 104th Inf., M. N. G., the first member of the post-war organization who has died.

## CONGRATULATIONS

JACK S. CONNOLLY (M) (Hdqtrs. Troop), General Manager of the Pathe News, announced recently the arrival of another son.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. JAMES REGAN (LM) (101st F. Sig. Bn.) of Dorchester, on September 22. He will be known as James Jr.

JOHN A. DICKERMAN (M) (Hdqtrs. Co., 104th Inf.) was presented by Mrs. Dickerman with a baby girl on the Fourth of July, making two boys and two girls. John has only one arm, but—

## ORGANIZING YD CLUB OF SPRINGFIELD

It is not yet known just what territory the Club will take in, but any comrade living outside the jurisdiction of the YD Club of Holyoke is absolutely right in thinking that here is that place he has been looking for, to hang up his hat or what-have-you.

We have contacted many chaps who served the old YD. Sure, we go to see them as fast as we learn of them. Yet there are many we have yet to see. Everybody's for it.

It is surprising how many can be about and still we never realized they wore the emblem. It won't be long before all that sort of thing will be changed and the big YD family united.

Drop us a line at the Armory if you can't get around. We might surprise you and send out a buddy from your own outfit to see you. Let's go, gang!

—JAMES W. ARMESON (M)

## A SEA-GOING YANK

EDITOR OF YANKEE DOINGS:

Am enclosing these few lines to let you know I am thankful for the YANKEE DOINGS I have received.

It sure gives me pleasure, especially when we are out manoeuvering every week. The only time we are in port enjoying liberty is week ends. The whole fleet is down here for their annual Fall manoeuvres. It is a very picturesque sight to see the new trim cruisers coming in in battle formation after the week's work is done.

From your former flat-foot.

—A. J. KALINOSKI (M)
(C Co., 101st Inf.)

Hampton Roads,
September 27.

Flo: "If you were with a man on a desert island, could you trust him?"

Flossie: "Don't be crazy—I couldn't even trust myself!"

—*The Shrapnel*

A chiropractor is a guy who gets paid for what an ordinary guy would be slapped for.

—*The Shrapnel*

## 101st INFANTRY ITEMS

### A COMPANY

DICK WHITE (M) reports meeting ALFRED RILEY (M) of Kitchener, Ontario, while in Detroit. Not long ago, Riley visited the Club in Boston and joined up as a member of the Y. D. V. A.

### B COMPANY

At a meeting of B Company, 101st Infantry, held at the YD Club, on Tuesday evening, September 8, the following men were elected as officers for the coming year:

HARRY GINSBERG (M), President; JOSEPH DE-COSTA, Vice-President; AL PACIFICI, Treasurer; REN BUCKMAN (M), Secretary.

"BILL" FLYNN is now Doctor WILLIAM FLYNN, with an office in Amesbury, Mass. He sends his best to all the boys of M Company.

### D COMPANY

D Company was well represented at the American Legion Convention at Detroit with PHIL SOUSA (M), TOM MCDEVITT (M), BILL RIELY, FRED JACKSON (M), "TIPPY" SMITH, ALEX BESSE, BILL RESNICK (M), PERCY GEDNEY (M); also FRANK O'NEIL and FRANK HARRIS who are natives of the auto city. FRANK HARRIS is at the Palmer Park Golf Club, and FRANK O'NEIL is with "Kohler of Kohler."

—F. L. J. (M)

### F COMPANY

FRITZ E. HEDLUND, who won the Medaille Militaire and Croix de Guerre is now in the Railway Mail Service, and is located at the Grand Central Station in New York City. He is living at 2131 28th Street, Astoria, L. I.

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### HQ. 52nd INF. BRIGADE

GEORGE KIRVAN, erstwhile Sgt. Major of the A. E. F. is now one of Boston's finest. That hardly seems possible when we remember George as a hard-working stenog who retained his school-girl complexion right up to the last and never knew what sickness was. As a matter of fact Gen. COLE (LM) kept him so busy he didn't have time to be sick but, when he fell, certainly he fell hard and at the worst of all possible times—right on the point of embarkation for the good old U. S. A. Tough, tough, or words to that effect, the doctor said, and shook their heads, asking all sorts of questions and inferred all kinds of things.

Meanwhile we lugged George down to Brest and hoped for the best, but the doctors said No,—and meant it. Drum-head consultations and investigations brought to light only the fact that George had emerged for a few minutes from the obscurity of the World War to pitch ball and that night they lugged him off tied up in knots to the hospital. Of course, all his pals sent out "bull-it-ins" saying that George had strained his neck looking out of the dugout, or wherever he held forth and never should have exposed himself to the light of day.

Well, George lay there bearing it with all the composure he could master as we filed away and took our places on the Mt. Vernon and sailed for home, until about two days after we had sailed a specialist came along and asked what was the matter. As nobody knew, everybody gave a different version, so the specialist said, "Look at his teeth," and walked on. The mess-sergeant had always given George high marks for his tooth-work, but the dentist thought he was overrated and pulled out a few and the next day George jumped out of bed and wanted to lick everybody.

He is now in a position to give anyone a chance who wants to try. If he should pinch you at any time, give him the high sign, mention the school-girl complexion of his palmy days and ask him why he became a conscientious objector to sailing back from the war, all of which will put you in right with George and probably result in about six months in the jug for you. Keep this under your hat, and produce your references only as a dernier ressort.

—T. W. R. (M)

## 103rd INFANTRY

GEORGE BERUBE (M. G. Co.) attended the Legion Convention at Detroit as per usual. "Franklin to Detroit or Bust" is George's motto.

CLAYTON EATON (Supply Co.) recently made a trip through Maine to visit his old buddies.

DR. TOWNE (LM), our new life member, had his picture on the front page of the Boston papers quite recently, Sept. 29th issue.

ERNEST W. BROWN (M) (Top Kick, Hdq. Co.) operates a farm in Augusta.

ARLINGTON L. TRETHEWEY (Sgt., C. Co.) has been elected chairman of the Androscoggin County Council.

FRANK B. SPRAGUE (M) (M Co., Sgt.) is Captain of F Company, new 103rd Infantry. His Company made a fine appearance at the Augusta Camp ground.

Capt. IRVIN L. DOANE is still in the Regular Service and is located in Boston at present on duty. The Captain is the picture of health and is the same congenial skipper as of old.

HARRY A. WORCESTER (M) (Hdq. Co.), who resides in West Swanzey, N. H., attended the YD party at Augusta. Harry told Col. HUME (M) and the rest of us the story of ringing the church bell at Givonville. We would like to have him write up the incident in his own words for DOINGS.

It is hoped that we may have a get-together of YD men in Bangor this fall before snow flies. Gen. COLE (LM) and Col. HUME (M) will plan on being present.

Send all 103rd news direct to PHIL SANBORN (M), YD Club, or to E. K. HALE (M), Lisbon Falls, Me.

—E. K. H. (M)

### M COMPANY

GEORGE E. STERLING of the U. S. Department of Commerce, has put on the market an 800-page Radio Manual.

RAYMOND L. BRAUN can be located at Police Headquarters in Paterson, N. J.

GUY C. BROCKWAY is a leading farmer in Lyme Center, N. H.

Lieut. HECTOR J. CARPENTER (M) (now Captain) is living in Los Angeles, Calif.

CYR A. CYR is cooking at the National Home in Togus, Maine.

HARRY W. TRUE is a year-round resident of Sebago Lake, Maine.

EVERITT W. MCCLARY is one of Greenfield (Mass.) prominent citizens.

—GEORGE R. CASWELL

## FLICKERS FROM THE 104TH

### VETERANS ASSOCIATION

We are going to Montreal for our Annual Reunion on Apremont Day, next April. It is not too early to start planning for the trip, the first one we have held outside Massachusetts. The cost of the trip is very nominal, $20.00. This includes railroad fare from certain central points in Massachusetts, such as Boston, Worcester, Springfield, Greenfield, etc., registration fee of $2.00 to the Association and Committee, room at the Hotel, breakfast Friday and Saturday and the Regimental Banquet Saturday evening.

The Worcester Unit is handling all arrangements and further notices will be given from time to time. Any information required will be given through the Committee at Worcester, Regimental Adj. L. A. WAGNER (M), Holyoke, or GUY WATTS (LM) at the YD Club, Boston.

### SPRINGFIELD UNIT

WM. P. "BILL" FORREST (M) P. C. (B Co.) who has surely worked as long and consistently in veteran affairs as any one possibly could, has accepted a position in Philadelphia.

Rev. LYFORD (M) (A Batt., 101st F. A.) is also located there now. Both these comrades are of the best. We are sorry as anything to lose them and wish them bonne chance. It might be the means of starting a YD Club of Philly. Who knows?

ADDISON ROBIDEAU ("ROBBY") (M. G. Co.) is now in Chicago after a long sojourn in New Orleans. Gee, if he had only put in for Montreal all you curious guys could have seen him, eh?

BILL DUCHARME (M. G. Co.) must be still on nights for we don't see him.

Lt. Col. GEORGE A. ROBERTS (M) is drill master for the Clara Graves Cadet Corps and JIMMY KELLY (M) (Band) is the same for the Girl Scout Drum Corps. Col. ROBERTS (M) has also just been re-elected Soldiers' Relief Commissioner.

Atty. THOS. P. SHEA, P. C., will head a committee in the Red Cross drive here this fall.

LARRY FIELD (E Co.), driving by the range last week, came in to see what all the firing was about. Hey! Hey! You could see he was just itching to pop off one of those rifles.

The regimental shoot will be held shortly. Why don't all you guys drop in for a look-see at all these good times, eh? The present gang will be very glad to see you.

GEO. SEYMOUR (C Co., 101st Inf.) is now a "looey" in C Co., 104th N. G.

TOM CROKAN (B Co.) is also a "looey" in C Co.

ARNOLD MOORE (M Co.) got a tough break and will be laid up in the hospital for some time. Yeah, motor mishap. Too bad, old boy.

CHARLIE SOUTHGATE (L Co.) is with the City Engineering Department and is now a captain O. R. C.

DAN HARTNETT (B Co.) is the newly-elected 1st Vice of West Springfield Legion Post.

MICKEY FORD (M) (M. G. Co.) says POP FALES (M. G. Co.) "couldn't teach nothing." There you go. What can one do with these guys that always have a feud on. I can but report as I see, eh?

BILL CONNELLY (Band) and JOE HINES (M) (K Co.) watched train for Detroit pull out leaving them on the platform with tears in their eyes. It was a sad event for many of us though the gang aboard did their best to keep our minds off it by the drowning process.

Saw a light in ANDY SHEA'S (M) (M. G. Co.) house tonight, so expect all are back from Detroit, present and accounted for.

Headed by Col. E. S. SLATE (M) the 104th held the first full military funeral held here for a member of the post-war regiment.

Major HERBERT N. KELLY of Greenfield, commanding 2nd Bn., 104th, attended. He is the genial skipper of old L Co. and is with Greenfield National Bank.

—J. W. A. (M)

### C COMPANY

Met JIM WALTON just before we started in the Big Parade at the National Convention at Detroit.

Also met FRANK SALOME and BILL MAHONEY while there. Frank is with the Lowell Band and Bill with the Metropolitan Firemen's Band of Boston.

Could not locate JOHN DONOVAN (M); thought sure I would see him as he expected to be there.

Woke up DENNIE WALLACE (M) Sunday morning on the way back, to borrow enough for gas to get back to Boston. Dennie is still in the big city.

RAY GRIFFEN (M) dropped in the Club with a friend lately.

HERB SCARLES (M) was another C Company man who was in Detroit although I did not see him.

—H. G. W. (LM)

## 102ND M.G. BATTALION

### THIRTEENTH ANNUAL REUNION

Cedar Crest Hotel, Lake Bomoseen, Castleton, Vt. Sept. 25, 26 and 27, 1931.

The famous Bull Dogs have met again and are proud of the record that they have made in having an unbroken series of these happy meetings ever since the war. The boys began to gather early on Friday evening and, as is always the way as soon as two were there, the fun began. All through the night and into the next evening they straggled in. A few ladies were present and these were impressed into service as the casualties increased. All were minor disabilities and were soon relieved by the bromide route.

Company A turned out in force and arrived early. There was BILL HANNA all the way from Camden, N. J., CARL REID, from Ipswich, Mass., came by train and taxi to keep his record of perfect attendance clean. MAHER SWEENEY from "Joisey City" made his first appearance—and how. No one knew his face, but his breath had a familiar aroma. SWEENEY was a replacement at St. Mike and was wounded within 24 hours. Although he came to know few of us over there, he made up for it at the reunion and we never want him to fail us again. We could go on telling about the individuals for hours but you Bull Dogs who proudly claim association with this mob know what we can do when we slip our leashes, and we haven't changed.

"CHUCK," "MONTY," JOHN and the "C" company gang were detained by the hospitable people of Wallingford, Vt. and arrived just in time for dinner. Was there any connection between their arrival and the arrival of the entertainers? "SLOPSY" and "MUGGSY" are to be given all kinds of praise for the fine arrangements. The billets were good, the food all any one could eat (a few ate now and then) and the entertainment * * * *. Suffice it to say that even those from the city where men are men and the women glad of it sat with protruding eyes and bated breath.

At the business meeting which was conducted in the usual orderly manner several important measures were discussed. Your scribe was able at this meeting to keep a fairly accurate record of the doings. A telegram was sent to the President of these United States expressing the opinion of the gathering that the well known and much abused 18th Amendment should be referred to the people of the individual states for their consideration. The chiefs of the Rutland Fire and Police departments who are always our guests were made Honorary members of the Battalion. Company "B" had only three delegates at this meeting. Two from St. Johnsbury and one from Boston.

Speeches were made by several in an effort to stimulate a better feeling of co-operation between the units of the Battalion so that all may join with us and enjoy these royal good times. The party broke up at a late hour in a small road-house in a neighboring state. No better reunion has ever been held and the number thirteen had no ill effects that were not anticipated.

—T. R. C. (M)
—G. L. E. (M)

### A COMPANY

What kept ya? Cold feet?—repression? Place, Lake Bomaseen, 20 miles outside Rutland. Time, Sept. 25, 26, 27. Cause, Reunion, 102nd M. G. Bn., A, B, C, and Headquarters.

Well, the 13th reunion of the old gang has passed, another milestone in our lives has been notched in the sands of time. The tide has come and gone—memories remain. The Battalion owes a deep expression of thanks to "SLOPSY" COCKLIN and "MUGGSY" DOOLAN for their splendid arrangements, the beautiful spot and the good time had by all.

A Company reported present and accounted for: "POP" COVEY (M), FRANK HITCHCOCK, MAX GEORGE, BUCK FREEMAN (M), our old friend CARL REED never has missed a reunion, BILL HANNAH, RALPH WING, DOOLAN, COCKLIN, GLEASON PALLMERINE, "SLIM" LOSEBY, "PORKY" QUINN, FRANZONI, SHORTSLEEVE, TOMMY ROBERTS and SWEENEY who never has attended a reunion but who came all the way from Jersey and says he is coming again, GUY BEAN (M) and his charming wife, in the capacity of Red Cross nurse—(at least she qualified on Friday night), ED NEWBY (M) I'm sure will vouch for this.

Banquet was held Saturday evening, Sept. 26th, about 75 being present. "PORKY" QUINN faded early. Don't forget the Chief of Police in Rutland is always on one side: the Fire Chief is right behind. After the

Banquet we adjourned to New York State, "Dunt esk" the town—the place, McCarthy's. No harm done—all came back alive. If you want to find out more, atend the Round Table Group—Chamber of Commerce, Wednesday noons—yes, every Wednesday. "Nuf sed."

GEORGE BENTLEY (M) telegraphed regrets. Many faces were missed. It was a fine reunion, we are glad we went and hope to continue going to each as it comes along. The older we get, the stronger the call. Let's keep them up, and attend.

ART HAVLIN (M) just returned from Europe—says Vienna has warm rolls—mebbe.

Missed old "POP" STANCHFIELD (M) and JOHNNY SANBORN (M). Don't take the short cut from Fitzwilliam to West Rindge—it ain't. MAX GEORGE says it is—we still say it ain't.

—"STEW" JOHNSTON (M)
*Pinch-Hitter.*

## 103RD MACHINE GUN B'N.

### C COMPANY

On Sunday, August 30th, the members of C Company, 103rd Machine Gun Battalion, held their fifth annual clam-bake and reunion at the American Legion's "Happy Land," Quonset Point, R. I.

About two hundred were at the bake which was prepared by members of C Company.

Everybody had a fine time except DAVE WARD (M) who said that "Mahatma Gandhi" CHACE and "ROUND HEELS" DENNIS (M) kept him awake the night before with their imitation of the King of Siam.

—W. A. S. (M)

## 101ST FIELD ARTILLERY

### C BATTERY

Those who joined the police force were J. B. DAWSON, wheel driver of the fourth gun section; BENJAMIN GOODMAN, strutting top sergeant; D. B. AHERN and PAT FORTIN, drivers; JOSEPH CHALIFOUX, saddler, and JOHN SULLIVAN, horseshoer. The last named, with a pair of powerful lungs, habitually woke up French villages in the middle of the night shouting "Mother" in his sleep. He is now a traffic "cop", and was for a long time stationed at Huntington and Massachusetts Avenues.

JACK PAGE (M), a member of the signal detail, is a traveling auditor for a San Francisco concern; WALTER ROTTMAN, supply sergeant, is with the Eastern Steamship Company; CHARLES BENT, stable sergeant, is an electrician; E. J. FERGUSON (M), mechanic, was in the automobile business, tried miniature golf, and is now back among the automobiles; ADOLPHE BILLOTTE, cannoneer, is with the Boston Fire Department; C. A. BUSH (M), driver, is a newspaper correspondent, writer for magazines and author of two books on swimming, and lives in Chicago; THEODORE FRIEDENBERG, cannoneer, wrote a book, "Soldier's March," largely autobiographical, published by Harcourt Brace; of the SHEPHERD boys, PERCIVAL is in the wool business and PRENTISS is a stock salesman.

FOSTER COUSENS, caisson corporal, is carrying on his father's stock brokerage; A. J. LEONARDI, driver, graduated from Tufts College and became an engineer for the Boston Consolidated Gas Company; A. B. PARSONS (M), cannoneer, cashier of a bank in Phoenix, Ariz.; J. A. HAINES, signalman, a Congregational minister in Hinsdale, N. H.; ABE LYMAN (M), cannoneer, antique dealer on Charles Street in Boston; ARTHUR RANDLETT, gun sergeant, paying teller of the National Rockland Bank, Roxbury; ELLERY BRIGHT, gun corporal, executive with Chase, Harris Forbes & Company; WILLIAM ALLAN, top sergeant, engineer for the state highway department; ERNEST O'CALLAGHAN, gun sergeant, New York agent for a women's silk stocking mill, and his brother, EDMUND, a lawyer.

"BUD" FINE, who was always promoting something with money connected to it, is acting important parts in the movies. FRED H. FOWLER, gun sergeant, is on the road selling women's silk stockings and silk underwear; "MOON" MONTGOMERY, tap dancer, is a letter carrier; NELSON PICKETT, cook, has a sheep ranch in Wyoming; JACK MULLINS, the barber, has always battled to get out of the barber trade, tried selling automobiles, but every now and then gets back into the barber shop; Lieut PAUL SMART (M), who got the D. S. C. for his work on a raid, is with a law firm in New York; T. C. JOHNSON, sergeant, is selling for General Motors, and his pal, RALPH LINDSEY, is in the advertising department of Lever Brothers, the soap manufacturers.

JOHN MACCORISON, mess sergeant, who was a popular clown at amateur theatricals, is selling advertising for periodicals issued by the Athens Publishing Co., New York; SAMUEL ZUSSMAN (M), gunner, is managing a chain of women's apparel shops and endeavoring to go into business for himself; ROY TUFTS, ammunition sergeant, is bookkeeper for the Thayer Estate; and W. R. ARNOLD, caisson corporal, is a partner in Arnold, Sears & Co., investments.

## ENGINEER ENTRIES

### BUZZINGS OF B

If any engineer company can show representation in the Natioal Legion Convention in Detroit better than B Company, let it step forward and say so or forever

after hold its peace. The following "B" men were in Detroit for the duration: JOHN H. GOOD (M), PETER BECK, "SPUD" WHITNEY (M), VERN HITCHINS (M), AL BUTTERS (M), DOLLY AMES (M), "POP" HOLLOWAY (M), "SLIP" HOWARD, RAY BENNETT, ED HAYES, CAROLL SWAN (LM), ED MUNDIE, "GLOOMY GUS" and HI LANDON (M).

ED HAYES looked mighty fine pushing a bugle for the Gardner Drum Corps, and RAY BENNETT didn't look so tough with the Natick Drum Corps, especially under the skillful management of "SLIP" HOWARD.

The market worried "POP" HOLLOWAY (M) so much that he left for home in a hurry. He must be feeling worse by now.

Last month's DOINGS carried a letter from WALTER PULSIFER (M) regarding the degree of heat in California. If Thermal, California, is any hotter than it was in Detroit during the Convention I will be satisfied to live and die in Boston.

BOB FISH's advice for the last three months to sell the market short looks mighty good, based upon results.

A. K. SHAW is now located in Boston with the National Biscuit Company. He is living on Jannette Avenue, Belmont.

—"THE DRONE" (M)

## ECHOES OF E

JIM CAMPBELL (M) has moved to 126 Central Avenue, Hyde Park, Mass. "BABE" MURDY has another "enfant." No details at hand but we give our combined congratulations. RAY MIRANDA is married, so we hear. His parents have recently moved to the same street where resides one RALPH EASTMAN (M).

Witnessed at the American Legion parade at the Convention in Plymouth in August: JIM METCALF playing a drum in the Framingham Post band; JACK PRIESTLY (M) with the Milton Post—playing, as usual, but no instrument in hand. He's a bit stouter than of yore, but who isn't? BUZZ REHILL (M) was in line with the YD Post in the parade. Not bad for E Co. in just one parade. HUGHIE ROBERTS was also at the Convention but he must have had bum "dogs" as we didn't see him marching, then again, our eyesight may have been poor. PHIL TARR (M) was another of those present in Plymouth representing our noble outfit.

By the way, PHIL TARR (M) has moved to 56 Astor St., Suite 18, Boston, and JOHN FOLEY to 3528 153d St., Flushing, L. I.

Mail has been returned addressed to RUSS FRANCIS (M) and HARRY SPROUL (M), also DAN DONOVAN, while TOMMY WATSON (M) has changed his address to 46 Mountfort St., Boston, and FRED MARTIN to 17 Crescent St., Rockland, Mass. BOBBIE PORTER is now the Porter Sales, Inc., Baldwinsville, Mass.

—R. M. E. (M)

## FANCIES OF F

AL DAY (M), CHARLIE DAVIS (M), BOB MILLAR (M) and JIM "RED" KEENAN (M) constituted, so far as we have been able to learn, the F Company delegation to the Legion Convention in Detroit.

A few subtle hints thrown out in the direction of Fryeburg seemed to bring forth no response, so this year's trip to the tall timbers was cancelled after all.

Did anybody recognize good old MIKE DRISCOLL (M) couchant beneath a shower of hate rampant on last month's DOINGS cover. Them was the days.

What became of LARRY COTIE (M) seems to be becoming as much of a mystery as "Who Struck Billy Patterson?" Here one week, gone the next, and echo answers—where?

BOB MILLAR (M) reports that he visited AL SAVARD up at Chocorua, N. H. this summer. Al had been feeling punk for some time, but was recovering in good shape from a minor operation, and feeling like himself once more.

Latest reports of the condition of STANLEY CLIFFORD are not so good. He has already had a number of operations, and at this writing, doctors were resorting to blood transfusion. He is at the New England Baptist Hospital on Parker Hill Ave., Boston.

—P. N. S. (M)

## REUNION OF 101st TRENCH MORTAR BATTERY

The 11th annual reunion of the 101st Trench Mortar Battery was held Sunday, August 30, at Bear Pond Inn, Turner, Me., with about 75 present.

The members met in American Legion hall in Lewiston, and a long line of automobiles started for the inn about 10.30.

Among the earliest arrivals was "PA" JONES, of Waterville, one of the oldest members of the 26th Division, and among the distinguished guests were Capt. JAMES A. WALSH (M) of Roxbury, Mass., who commanded the battery when it returned from France, and Major ROGER A. GREENE (M) whom Capt. WALSH succeeded as battery commander.

Letters were received from Lieut. LEWIS BUELL of Denver, Colo., and Lieut. ALTON T. BAKER of Portland, Oregon, former officers of the Battery.

Upon arrival here horseshoe contests and other sports were enjoyed. Dinner was served in the Inn at 2.30 after which a business meeting was held. President JOHN A. MCDONOUGH presided, and during the meeting it developed that members of the Battery, which was largely recruited from Lewiston and vicinity, are now located in France, Belgium, the Philippine Islands, Southern California, and other Western States, as well as in all of the New England States.

The final feature was a baseball game between the "mule skinners" and batterymen. The committee in charge of the reunion included JOHN F. COFFEY, JOHN A. MCDONOUGH, WILLIAM T. ROCHON, M.

LEO O'REILLY, JESSE FARNHAM and HENRY MOORE, all of Lewiston-Auburn.

## REUNION OF MILITARY POLICE

All crossroads, cafes, red-light districts, and prisoners de guerre will be left unguarded on Saturday night, November 7, when all roads will lead to Concord, Mass., to the Annual Reunion and Banquet of the 26th Division Train Headquarters and Military Police Veterans Association.

Place—State Armory. Hour—6:30 p.m. Price—$2.00 including banquet and entertainment.

All who served with the 101st Train Headquarters Co. A and Co. B, 101st Military Police or later with the 5th Army Corps or the 26th Military Police Co., 26th Division, in 1917-18-19 are expected to be present.

If you do not get a notice it will be because we have not your correct address.

The success of this reunion depends upon the cooperation of each individual in digging up lost members.

MICHAEL J. DEE, President
PHILIP L. SCHUYLER (M), Vice-President
CHARLES E. AKELEY, Treasurer
HARVEY E. MATHESON, Secretary

Address all communications to the President.

### B COMPANY

B Company was well represented at the Legion Convention in Detroit. DEWAYNE NELSON, former Company Commander, flew in by plane from Milwaukee, where he is located with the Security Mutual Life Insurance Co. WALTER KANZ (M) of the Worcester Post Drum Corps, BUCK WELCH of the West Roxbury Post Band, GEORGE ELLIOT (M) of the YD Post Drum Corps, and "CUBBY" BAER of the Milton Post Drum Corps, had a grand reunion. They were ably assisted by JOHN BERGIN (A Co.) and ROY LATHAM (C Co.) FRANK FAWCETT of Batt. Hqs. was seen outside the Statler Hotel. The reunion closed at 5:10 Tuesday morning in fine spirits (mostly Seagram's Rye).

## ATTLEBORO HONORS GEN. EDWARDS

On Friday, September 18, Attleboro Post, A. L. installed as its new Commander, ALFRED J. LALIBERTE (M) (F Batt., 102nd F. A.) JIM CRESSWELL (M), President of the 101st Infantry Veterans Association delivered an address.

One of the most impressive features of the evening was the tribute rendered to General EDWARDS by the Drum Corps of YD Post of Providence, R. I. A large picture of the General was unveiled by GEORGE DOUCETTE, the only YD man in Attleboro to win the D. S. C. and Croix de Guerre.

## THIS AND THAT

EDWIN H. HOBBS (M) (D Batt., 103rd F. A.) is manager of the Mansion House at South Poland, Me. Worth remembering if your travels take you up to that region.

FRANK COLOMBO (M) (102nd Inf.) sent DOINGS a card from Trinidad, Colo., where, he reports, he is trying to gain a few pounds and shake off some of the Verdun gas.

Another post card, this one from ART HAVLIN (M) (A Co., 102nd M. G. Bn.) bears a picture of Porte Saint Pierre at Chateau Thierry, and has a Paris postmark. Art reports a great time and says that BERNARD CARTER (M) and other YD'ers in France are already looking forward to seeing us over there in '33.

Still other post cards from wandering Yanks: Two from MIKE MOONEY (M) (101st Inf.), one from Detroit and one from Pittsburgh, through which towns (and others) he and the COYNE boys, "Nickel" and "Dime" have been barnstorming. (Either "Nickel" or "Dime" should have an (M), but don't know which); one from ROYAL K. HAYES (M) (102nd F. A.), leaving Rockport, Mass. for Atlantic City.

The graves of two YD men whose bodies lie in France were decorated by the Band of George H. Mealy Post, A. L., of Cohasset, Mass., which recently returned from a memorial pilgrimage to France. These men were Sgt. GEORGE H. MEALY, formerly of K Company, 101st Infantry, for whom the Post is named, and LAWRENCE B. WILLIAMS, formerly of Battery A, 101st Field Artillery. Both graves are in Belleau Cemetery.

PETE RAY (102nd F. A.), at one time a Salem High School football star, and at present a clergyman in St. Louis, attended the Legion Convention in Detroit and paraded with the Salem Post.

THOMAS F. FITZGERALD (D Batt., 103rd F. A.) is now Captain of Service Battery, 172nd F. A., M. N. G., and sent us a picture of himself "just resting" in camp at Webster, N. H. Great army, these days!

Although no details have reached DOINGS, it is reported that RAY QUEENIN (M) (102nd Inf.), President of the YD Club of Washington, was in an auto accident early in September when a group of colored citizens ran into his car, injuring his wife and mother-in-law and demolishing the car.

Dr. LAWRENCE W. BOWERS (Batt. A, 101st F. A.) announces the removal of his office for the practice of dentistry to 1386 Beacon Street, Coolidge Corner.

VICTOR RODMAN, who is with KPO, "The Voice of San Francisco," would like to get a line from (or on) any or all of the following buddies: CHARLES TEMPLE, RALPH TAILBY, PAT KUFF, BILL DUNN, PHILIP GERO, RALPH RUSSELL (M), ARTHUR GROSSMAN, and MCGINLEY. As RUSSELL (M) is probably the only one who will see this notice, perhaps he can let RODMAN know where the others are.

*May We Repeat—*

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